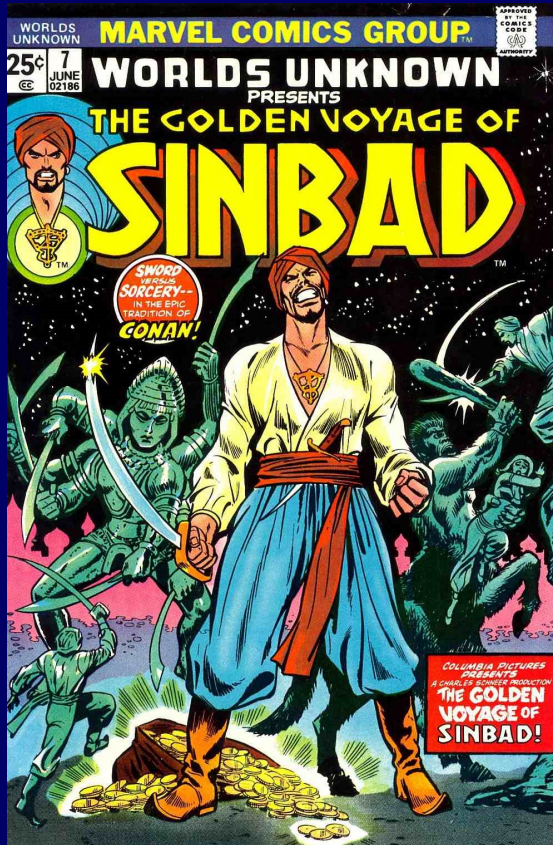


Sinbad: The Complete Series



Marvel
1974-1975



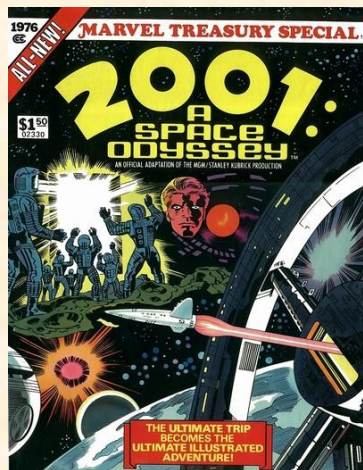
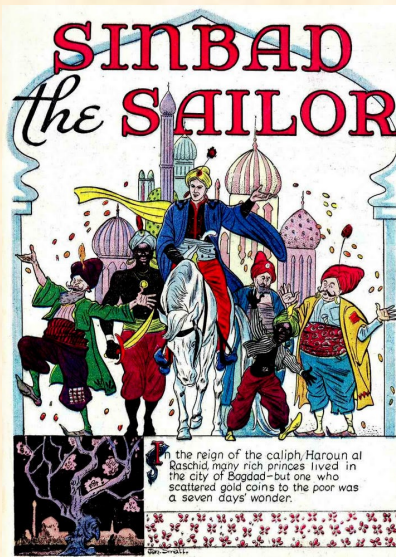
Bibliotheca Virtualis

Sinbad est l'un de ces héros qui appartient au patrimoine mondial. Il était donc fatal que les comics lui mettent la main dessus.

Il serait vain et fastidieux de vouloir recenser toutes ses parutions d'autant que le personnage présenté est parfois loin de celui des origines.

Mais ce n'est pas le cas ici.

Au mitan des années 70, Marvel a chipé la première place à DC. Porté par la vague de ses super-héros, les 4 Fantastiques, Hulk, Iron Man, Spiderman, Daredevil, X-Men, etc. il a su en outre diversifier son portefeuille avec Conan, Dracula, The Man-Thing, Nick Fury,...



Fort astucieusement Marvel reprend l'une des idées de Dell à savoir adapter en BD les films à succès.

Certains feront l'objet d'un numéro spécial comme *2001, l'Odyssée de l'Espace*. D'autres se déclineront comme une mini-série telle la *Planète des Singes* puis feront l'objet de créations originales.



Voyage Fantastique de Sinbad (1973) dont Marvel acquit les droits d'adaptation.

C'est Brian Clemens, le créateur de *Chapeau Melon et Bottes de Cuir*, qui était le scénariste du film et ce sont George Tuska et Vince Colleta qui furent chargés de le mettre en images.

L'histoire parut en deux épisodes dans *Worlds Unknown* (#7 et 8), une revue fourre-tout du groupe

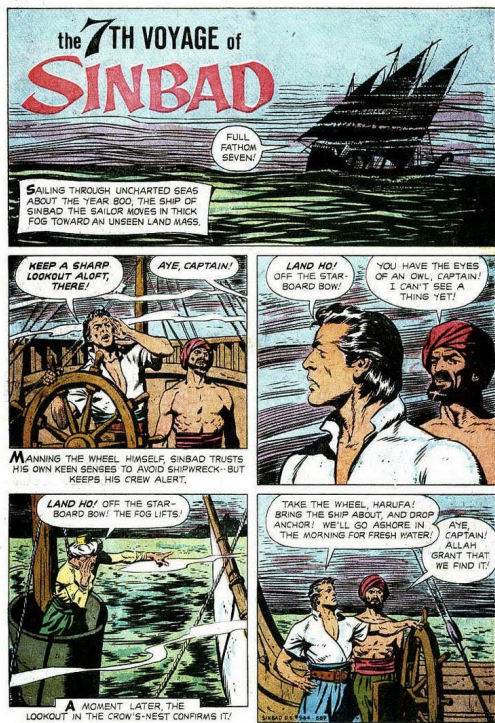
C'est ainsi que nous aurons plus tard de multiples suites de *La Guerre des Etoiles* ou d'*Indiana Jones*.

Les années 50 virent fleurir bon nombre de films d'aventures, des westerns en grande quantité mais aussi quelques films dont l'action se situait à l'époque des 1001 Nuits.

Ali Baba, Aladin et Sinbad furent donc mis à contribution à plusieurs reprises jusqu'au tout début des années 60.

La vague reprit, un peu, au courant des années 70 avec notamment *Le*





Ce fut pas le succès éditorial du siècle mais les ventes furent suffisamment satisfaisantes pour qu'on offre une sorte suite. Et c'est ainsi qu'on adapta le film précédent, *Le 7ème Voyage de Sinbad* (1958), qui avait d'ailleurs déjà fait l'objet d'une adaptation par Dell la même année.

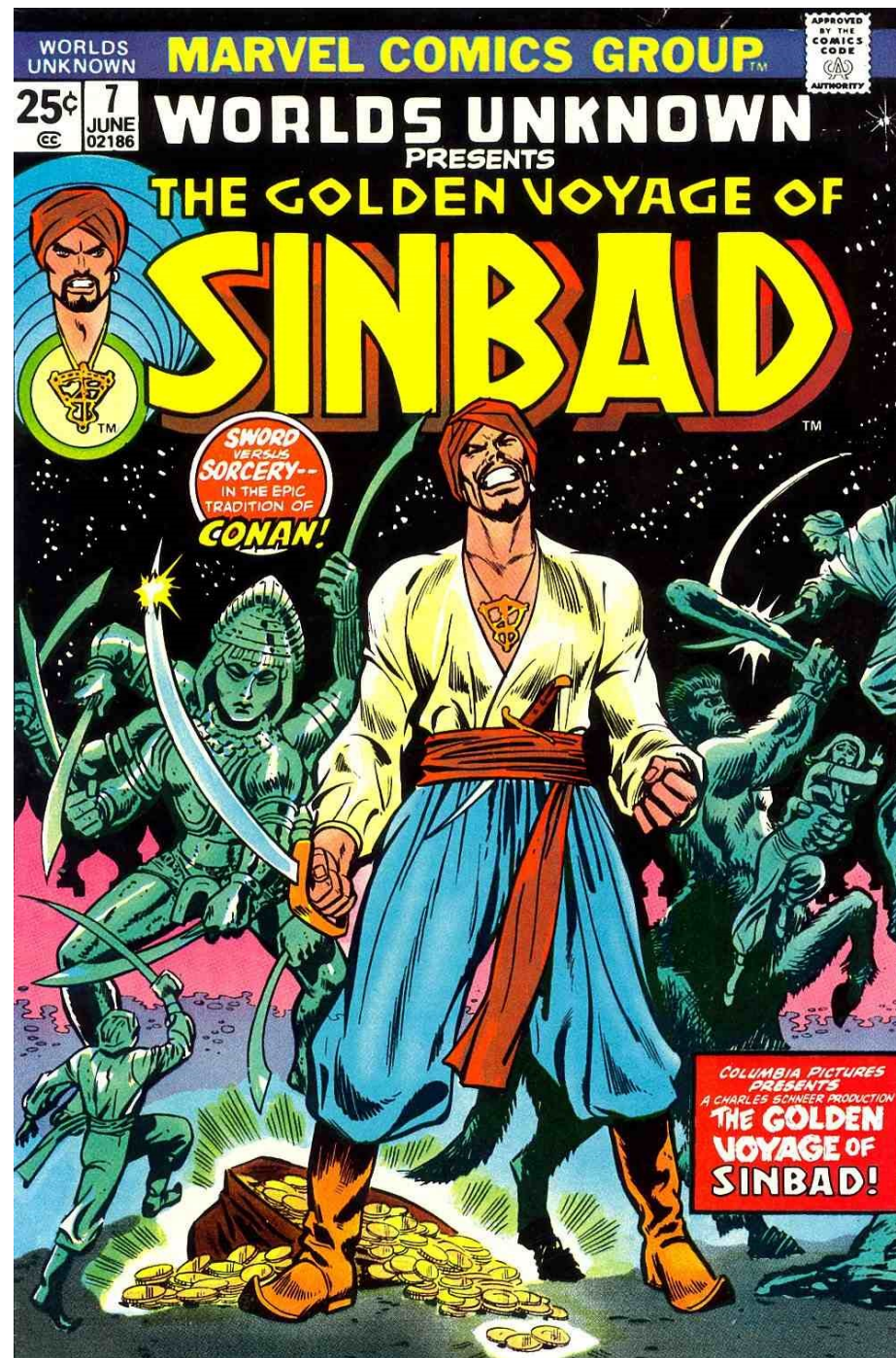
Cette fois-ci comme *Worlds Unknown* avait disparu entre temps c'est dans une revue similaire, *Marvel Spotlight* (#25), que l'histoire fut publiée.

Malheureusement tout fut bouclé en 18 planches chrono. Or, le film était bondissant avec de multiples péripéties. Du coup, des coupes !

Moyennant quoi des pages de récitatifs devaient permettre de passer d'un segment à un autre. Pas très enthousiasmant tout ça. Ceci explique pourquoi si depuis Sinbad a vogué chez plusieurs autres éditeurs il a délaissé les rivages de Marvel.

Bonne lecture !

Garches, le 24 septembre 2020



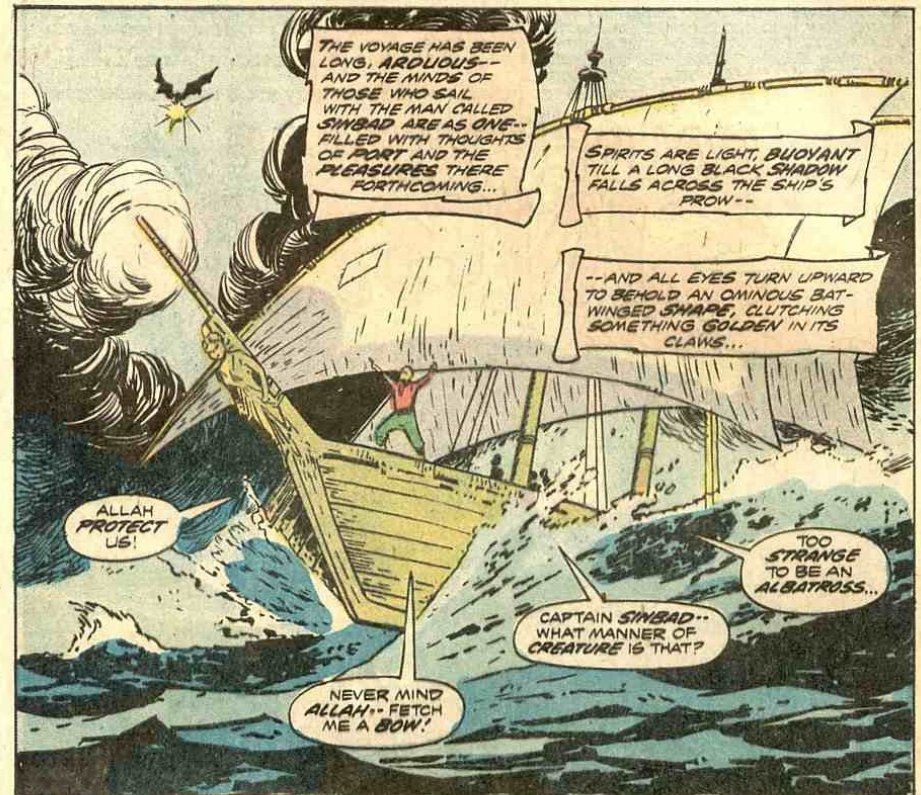
IN THE DAYS WHEN MEN BELIEVED IN LEGENDS (FOR LEGENDS TRULY LIVED), THERE WERE FEW WHO WOULD DARE TO CHART A COURSE THRU UNKNOWN WATERS FOR FEAR OF FALLING OFF THE EDGE OF THE EARTH -- OR WORSE! BUT THOSE FEW WHO WOULD DARE... AH, THEY BECAME LEGENDS THEMSELVES -- AND 'TIS THE GREATEST OF THESE LIVING LEGENDS WE SHALL TELL YOU OF NOW. COME WITH US THEN ON A JOURNEY TO WORLDS UNDREAMED IN YOUR VILEST NIGHTMARE! SAIL WITH US ON...

The GOLDEN VOYAGE of SINBAD!



Stan Lee presents: LEN WEIN | GEORGE VINCE | G. WEIN, colorist | ROY THOMAS | VINCE TUSKA | COLLETTA | J. COSTANZA, letterer | FREELY ADAPTED FROM THE SCREENPLAY BY BRIAN CLEMENS

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THE VOYAGE HAS BEEN LONG, ARDUOUS -- AND THE MINDS OF THOSE WHO SAIL WITH THE MAN CALLED SINBAD ARE AS ONE -- FILLED WITH THOUGHTS OF PORT AND THE PLEASURES THERE FORTHCOMING...

SPIRITS ARE LIGHT, BUOYANT TILL A LONG BLACK SHADOW FALLS ACROSS THE SHIP'S PROW --

--AND ALL EYES TURN UPWARD TO BEHOLD AN OMINOUS BAT-WINGED SHAPE, CLUTCHING SOMETHING GOLDEN IN ITS CLAWS...

ALLAH PROTECT US!

TOO STRANGE TO BE AN ALBATROSS...

CAPTAIN SINBAD -- WHAT MANNER OF CREATURE IS THAT?

NEVER MIND ALLAH -- FETCH ME A BOW!



A JACK-DAW? THEY STEAL BRIGHT AND PRETTY THINGS.



WHATEVER MANNER OF CREATURE IT IS, CAPTAIN -- I'LL FETCH IT DOWN!



FOOL -- DO YOU WANT TO BRING BAD LUCK UPON US ALL?

BY ALLAH -- IT'S A GOLDEN AMULET OF SOME SORT --!

OMAR -- NO!

TOO BIG FOR ANY JACK-DAW, RACHID. PERHAPS A...

CURSES, I MISSED -- BUT I MADE IT DROP WHAT IT CARRIED!



CAPTAIN, CAST IT OVER THE SIDE!

IT'S EVIL...
...I CAN FEEL IT...

THE MAN CALLED SINBAD STARES AT THE GOLDEN OBJECT IN HIS HAND-- FOR IT SEEMS TO GLOW-- WITH AN UNEARTHLY, ALMOST HYPNOTIC LIGHT--



--AND WHEN THE ADVENTUROUS SEAMAN GLANCES UP AGAIN AT HIS CREW, HE CAN SCARCE BELIEVE HIS EYES--

--FOR A GHOSTLY VISAGE OF UNIMAGINABLE BEAUTY SEEMS TO STRIDE FROM THEIR MIDST, REACHING--REACHING--



--BUT SINBAD DOES NOT WONDER AT THIS PHENOMENON LONG--FOR SUDDENLY--

THE CREATURE, RACHID-- STOP IT--!



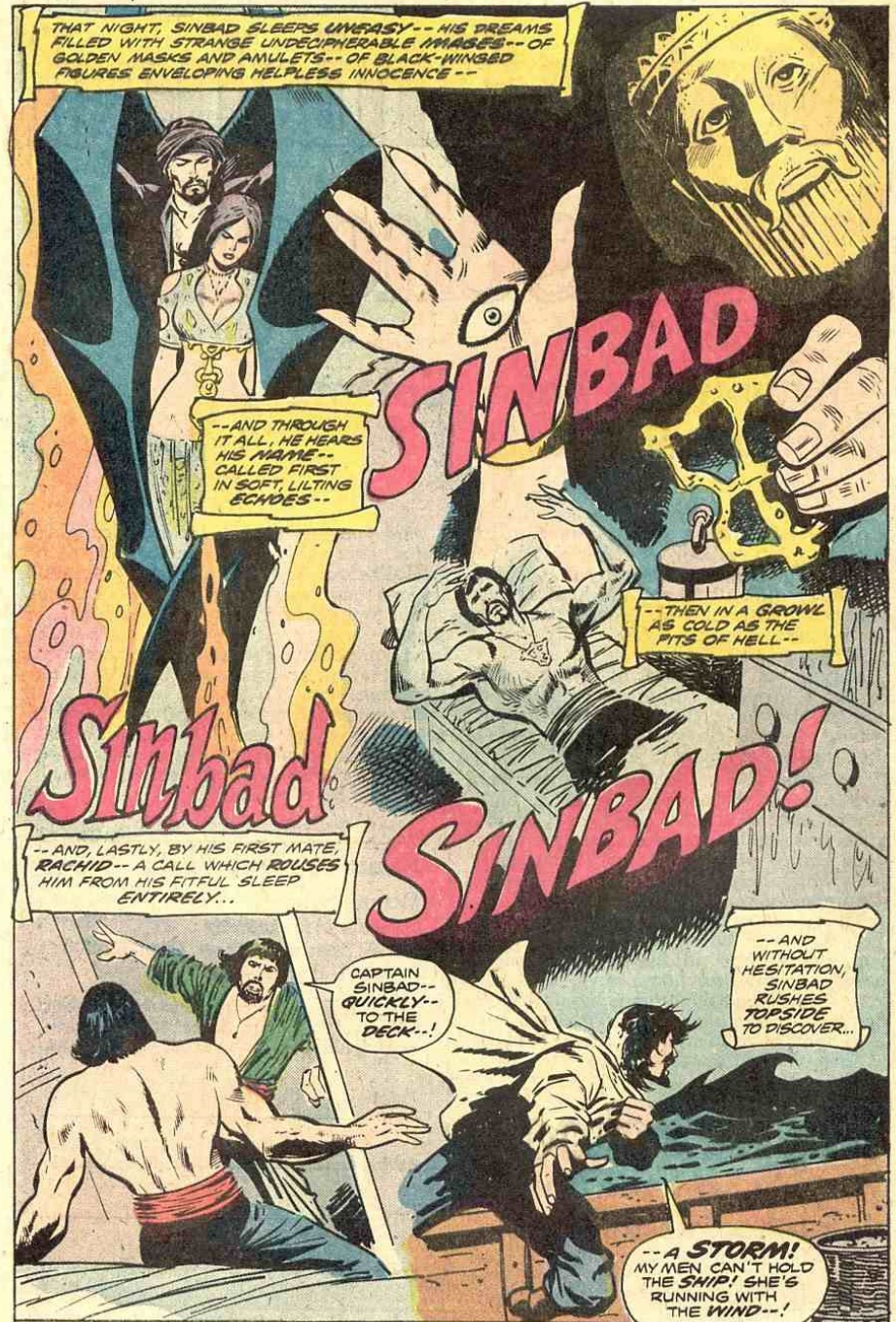
TOO LATE, CAPTAIN--IT HAS FLOWN OUT OF ARROW RANGE.



CAPTAIN, THAT AMULET IS AN EVIL OMEN! FOR THE LOVE OF ALLAH-- CAST IT OVER-BOARD!

NO, RACHID... I DON'T THINK I CAN.

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE



THAT NIGHT, SINBAD SLEEPS UNREST-- HIS DREAMS FILLED WITH STRANGE UNDECIPHERABLE IMAGES-- OF GOLDEN MASKS AND AMULETS-- OF BLACK-WINGED FIGURES ENVELOPING HELPLESS INNOCENCE--

SINBAD

--AND THROUGH IT ALL, HE HEARS HIS NAME-- CALLED FIRST IN SOFT, LILTING ECHOES--

--THEN IN A GROWL AS COLD AS THE PITS OF HELL--

Sinbad

SINBAD!

--AND, LASTLY, BY HIS FIRST MATE, RACHID-- A CALL WHICH ROUSES HIM FROM HIS FITFUL SLEEP ENTIRELY--

CAPTAIN SINBAD-- QUICKLY-- TO THE DECK--!

--AND WITHOUT HESITATION, SINBAD RUSHES TOPSIDE TO DISCOVER--

--A STORM! MY MEN CAN'T HOLD THE SHIP! SHE'S RUNNING WITH THE WIND--!



LASH THAT SAIL, RACHID-- CUT IT ADrift IF YOU HAVE TO --!

I'LL MAN THE TILLER!



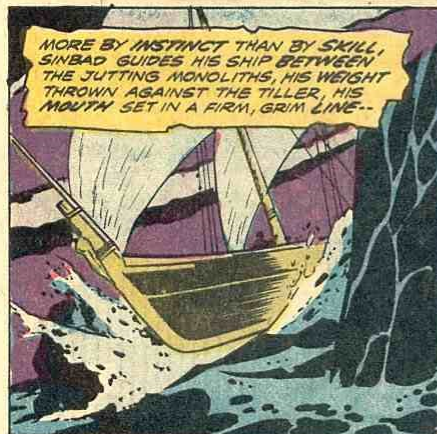
WITH UNBRIDLED FURY, THE FRAIL VESSEL IS PUMMELED BY THE RAGING WAVES--

--AS HER VALIANT CAPTAIN STRAINS DESPERATELY TO TURN HER FROM THE HUNGRY ROCKS THAT LOOM AHEAD--



--AND THE POUNDING SURF SEEMS TO BECOME A VOICE-- A GROWLING VOICE-- CALLING SINBAD'S NAME--

ALLAH, GIVE ME STRENGTH--!



MORE BY INSTINCT THAN BY SKILL, SINBAD GUIDES HIS SHIP BETWEEN THE JUTTING MONOLITHS, HIS WEIGHT THROWN AGAINST THE TILLER, HIS MOUTH SET IN A FIRM, GRIM LINE--



--AND SLOWLY, THE HARSH GROWL WHICH SUMMONS HIM BECOMES ONCE MORE THE LILTING ECHO--

--AS THE WHITE-CRESTED CHAOS HIS SMALL CRAFT BOBS UPON SEEMS SUDDENLY TO SOFTEN--



--UNTIL THE SEA HAS GROWN DEEPLY CALM--

--AND THE BECKONING VOICES ARE-- GONE!



THE STORM HAS ENDED, CAPTAIN-- AS ABRUPTLY AS IT BEGAN.

AND THINK YOU SOME UNNATURAL PURPOSE BEHIND THIS, ABDUL?

I KNOW ONLY WHAT I KNOW, CAPTAIN.

AND AT THIS POINT, ABDUL-- AS WITH THE REST OF US-- THAT IS PRECISELY NOTHING.

7

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE



BUT WHEN THE FIRST RAYS OF DAWN MARK THE HORIZON WITH GOLD...

THAT CITY-- IT MUST BE MARABIA. WE'RE WAY OFF COURSE.

NO, RACHID. THE DREAM I HAD-- THIS IS PART OF IT SOMEHOW.

WE WERE BROUGHT HERE BY SOME MYSTERIOUS FORCE--

--AND IS IT NOT WRITTEN THAT A WISE MAN WILL TRY TO REALIZE HIS DREAM-- FOLLOW IT?



CAPTAIN-- ONLY HE WHO TREADS ON FIRE FEELS IT.

AND WHEN SINBAD'S POWERFUL MUSCLES HAVE PULLED HIM TO THE SHORE...

I WILL DRY MY BOOTS, THEN BE OFF. THERE IS MUCH THAT I MUST LEARN IN MARABIA IF I HOPE TO --

PERHAPS, I'M GOING ASHORE, RACHID. I WILL MEET YOU WHEN YOU LAY ANCHOR.



YOU ARE CAPTAIN SINBAD?

WHAT--? THAT SHADOW-- LIKE A GREAT BLACK BAT--!



THE BAUBLE THAT HANGS AT YOUR THROAT, CAPTAIN-- HAND IT TO ME--

--OR YOU WILL HAVE NO THROAT!

AND IF I CHOOSE NOT TO?



THEN YOU WILL BE DEAD!

MY SWORD--!

IT IS ACHMED'S SWORD NOW, CAPTAIN.



VERY WELL THEN. IT APPEARS I HAVE NO CHOICE.

IF YOU WANT THE AMULET SO BADLY--

10



--YOU MAY HAVE IT!

THE AMULET'S GLEAMING LIGHT HAS FRIGHTENED THE HORSE--MADE IT REAR--!



NOW, CUTPURSE-- WHILE YOUR FELLOW DEALS WITH HIS HORSE--

--I WILL DEAL WITH YOU!



I OFFER YOU A TRADE, VILLAIN-- MY SWORD FOR YOUR STALLION--

--AND MAY ALLAH CURSE ME FOR A MERCHANT.



ITS HOOFES GOUGING GREAT CLOUDS OF DIRT, SINBAD DRIVES HIS STEED THROUGH THE TANGLING FOREST TOWARDS THE CITY JUST BEYOND--

--AS THE MENACINGLY BLACK FIGURE BEHIND HIM GRADUALLY NARROWS THE GAP--



-- BUT AS THE SEAMAN CROSSES THE CITY'S PERIMETERS--

AN ARMED PROCESSION OF SOME SORT--!

MY PURSUER WOULD NOT DARE FOLLOW ME INTO ITS MIDST.



IN THE NAME OF ALLAH, GOLDEN ONE-- I ASK YOUR PROTECTION.

YOU HAVE NO NEED TO ASK, YOUNG MAN.

WE HAVE AWAITED YOUR COMING FOR A LONG TIME.



AND OUTSIDE MARABIA'S GATES...

YOU HAVE THWARTED ME FOR THE MOMENT, CAPTAIN SINBAD-- BUT I PROMISE YOU--

--WE WILL MEET AGAIN!



YOU TELL A STRANGE TALE, CAPTAIN. NEVER- THELESS, ONE FACT MAKES ME BELIEVE YOUR STORY--

--THE AMULET AROUND YOUR NECK!

PERHAPS FATE-- DESTINY-- HAVE BROUGHT US TOGETHER. I WOULD LIKE TO THINK SO.

WHY?



OUR COUNTRY IS BEING CHOKED ALIVE BY PRINCE KOURA, A MAN VERSED IN EVERY BLACK ART--AND DEDICATED TO BRINGING THIS DOMAIN UNDER HIS SPELL.

THEN KOURA WAS THE ONE WHO ATTACKED ME ON YOUR BEACH, AGAIN, VIZIER-- WHY?



WHEN OUR SULTAN DIES WITHOUT A SON, HE MADE ME-- HIS GRAND VIZIER-- HEIR TO TWO PARTS OF ONE GREAT AND MIGHTY SECRET.

FOLLOW ME BELOW-- AND YOU SHALL SEE.

AND THESE TWO THINGS ARE--?



HERE IS THE FIRST OF THE THINGS-- THIS PAINTING IS SAID TO TELL THE STORY OF A LEGEND YET TO BE REALIZED--

--YET LITTLE REMAINS OF IT-- FOR EVEN AS THE SULTAN BREATHED HIS LAST AND I HASTENED HERE TO READ THE SECRET--



--A BALL OF FIRE ENSULFED THIS ROOM-- A FIRE THAT STOLE AWAY MY FACE--

--AND REDUCED THE PAINTING TO THE FEW SCORCHED PATCHES NOW SEE.



IT WAS KOURA'S WORK-- BUT STILL THERE WAS SOMETHING THE FIRE COULD NOT DESTROY--

-- THE SECOND THING BEQUEATHED TO ME--



--A GOLDEN AMULET-- SIMILAR TO THE ONE YOU WEAR ABOUT YOUR NECK, CAPTAIN SINBAD.

IT IS NOTCHED-- LIKE MINE-- AS IF THE TWO SHOULD FIT TOGETHER--!



BY ALLAH, THEY DO FIT-- A PERFECT MATCH--!

THEN I WAS RIGHT-- ONLY DESTINY COULD HAVE BROUGHT YOU HERE, CAPTAIN.

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE





LET ME SEE YOUR PALM.

SO-- THEN IT'S TRUE.

THAT MARK-- WHERE DID YOU GET IT?



I DON'T KNOW. I'VE HAD IT SINCE I WAS A CHILD. IT WAS TATTOOED AND WON'T COME OFF.

AN EVIL EYE?

NO-- PERHAPS IT'S A GOOD OMEN-- TO WARD OFF EVIL SPIRITS.



YOU LIKE THE GIRL, CAPTAIN? YOU VIEW HER WITH FAVOR?

THEN SHE IS YOURS-- I GIVE HER FREELY. A GIFT--

--ALONG WITH MY SON-- PLUS FOUR HUNDRED GOLD COINS.



RELUCTANTLY, THE BARGAIN IS ACCEPTED-- AND, THE FOLLOWING DAWN, SINBAD'S STURDY SHIP PREPARES TO GET UNDER WAY...

'T'WILL BE A STRANGE TRIP. IT'S A GOOD ONE-- VERY STRANGE.



UNFURL THE TOP SAILS-- MAKE READY TO WEIGH ANCHOR.

I'VE HEARD OF GOLD GOING TO A MAN'S HEAD-- BUT THIS...?



THERE-- SINBAD'S SHIP-- PUTTING OUT TO SEA.

I WANT YOU TO FOLLOW HIM, CAPTAIN-- GENTLY, CUNNINGLY-- KEEPING HIM ALWAYS WITHIN SIGHT.

IT WILL BE DONE, MY LORD.



AND WHEN THE COAST OF MARABIA HAS BEEN LEFT FAR BEHIND...

YOU'RE THINKING THE SAME AS I, RACHID?

AYE, CAPTAIN-- AN ISLAND, IF IT IS WHERE YOU SAY-- CAN ONLY BE IN ONE PLACE--

--LEHURIA!



YES, RACHID-- LEHURIA, THE LOST CONTINENT-- LEGENDARY LAND OF INCALCULABLE WEALTH-- AND EVEN GREATER DANGER!

THE CREW IS WITH YOU, CAPTAIN-- AS ALWAYS-- BUT THIS TIME, I FEAR YOU LEAD US TO THE VERY GATES OF HELL!



HEEE-- MY POOR HEAD-- WHY DOES IT KEEP DANCING SO?

AND WHY DOES THE FLOOR KEEP ROLLING ABOUT LIKE A CAMEL WITH A FLIN IN ITS EAR?



NO, S-- SOMEBODY MOVED THE LAND. THERE'S WATER EVERYWHERE!

WE'RE AT SEA.

BY ALLAH-- THE BOY'S A GENIUS.



THIS WAS MY FATHER'S IDEA, WASN'T IT? A QUICK RUN AROUND THE HARBOR TO SOBER ME UP.

WELL, I'M SOBER. WE CAN GO HOME NOW.

SORRY, WE'RE ALREADY ON COURSE-- AND YOU'RE WITH US ALL THE WAY.



ALL THE WAY? THEN IT'S HOPELESS.

I SHALL SURELY BE AN OLD MAN BEFORE WE SEE MARABIA AGAIN-- ANCIENT.

WHY, I'LL BE ALMOST TWENTY-TWO.







AND IN HIS CABIN, HIS FACE BLISTERED BY THE TORCHES' SEARING FLAMES, THE ENTRANCED PRINCE KOURA CONTINUES HIS SINISTER CHANT--



RETURN...
RETURN...
RETURN NOW
TO HE WHO
BREADED
LIFE INTO
YOU...



WITH A
SHUDDERING
STIRRING OF
MUCK AND
SILT, THE
NOW-IMMOBILE
FIGUREHEAD
RISES FROM
THE OCEAN'S
FLOOR--

--RISES
TOWARDS THE
SURFACE--



--AND
BEYOND!

RISE...RISE, I
COMMAND YOU...
HEED YOUR
MASTER'S CALL...

MY LORD
KOURA,
WH-WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?
WH-WHAT
IS THE
MEANING
OF THIS?



AND WHEN THE FIGUREHEAD
HAS SETTLED GENTLY TO
THE DECK...

YOU SAID,
CAPTAIN,
THAT YOU
COULD GO
NO FARTHER
WITHOUT A
CHART!



WELL, I
GIVE
YOU THAT
CHART--
NOW!



NOW WEIGH ANCHOR,
CAPTAIN-- BEFORE SINBAD
PULLS TOO FAR AHEAD!
YOU SOUGHT A COURSE--
AND SO YOU HAVE ONE--

--AND IF WE MUST, WE
SHALL FOLLOW THAT
COURSE TO THE EDGE
OF THE EARTH!

NEXT ISSUE:
INTO THE LAND OF THE LOST...
WITH SINBAD!

STAN LEE / LEN WEIN / GEORGE TUSKA / VINCE COLLETTA / GLYNIS WEIN, colorist / ROY THOMAS
presents WRITER ARTIST INKER JOHN COSTANZA, letterer EDITOR

CONCLUDING: **THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD!**



THE TEMPLE
OF THE ORACLE:
HERE SINBAD
THE SAILOR AND
HIS DARING
BAND HAVE COME
IN SEARCH OF
ANSWERS TO
AID THEM ON
THEIR MYSTER-
IOUS QUEST.

THE ENCHANT-
MENTS MADE
THE BRAZIER OF
TRUTH LIT, STILL
THE BOLD
ADVENTURERS
ARE STUNNED
AS THE TIMELESS
ENTITY CALLED
ORACLE APPEARS
TO THEM-- AND
SPEAKS...

TWO TABLETS BROUGHT
FORTH TO THE LIGHT,
YET A THIRD REMAINS
FROM SIGHT.
A FINAL PLACE MUST
STILL BE FOUND,
A PLACE THAT LIES
BELOW THE GROUND.

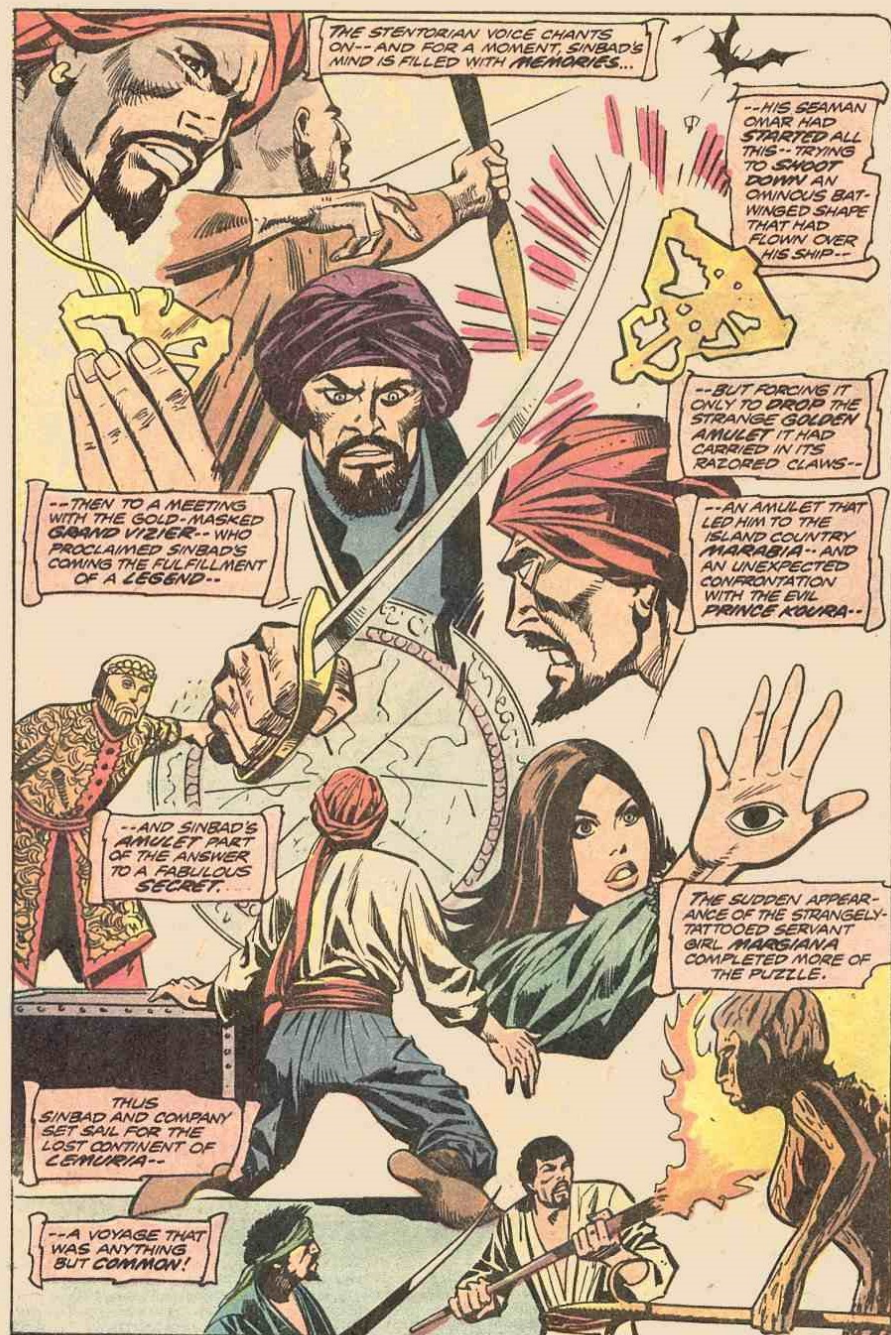
NO RACE IS LOST
UNTIL IN FACT
IT'S WON,
AND CLOST BEHIND
YOU COMES THE
BLACK AND EVIL
SON,
SPAWNED BY THE
DEVIL, SUCKLED
UPON BLACK
MILK,
IN HUMAN FORM, AND
CLAD IN ROBES OF
SILK.

DESTINY IS A PATH, A PLACE, A PIT,
IT COMES TO ALL MEN SOON ENOUGH--
BUT YOU-- YOU COME TO IT,
DESTINY IS INVISIBLE YET VISIBLE AND
MEN MAY TRY TO HIDE
YET ITS WATERS MARK YOU CLEARLY
LIKE A RAINBOW IN THE SKY.

LAND OF THE
LOST

FREELY ADAPTED
FROM THE SCREEN-
PLAY BY
BRIAN CLEMENS.

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WITCHCRAFT IN NEW YORK! ENTER SPIDEY AND BROTHER VOODOO-- IN MARVEL TEAM-UP

2



3

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE





SOMEWHERE IN THIS ANCIENT CHAMBER IS HIDDEN THE **THIRD GOLDEN AMULET!** WE MUST DISCOVER ITS **LOCATION--** AND **QUICKLY!**

SOMEHOW I DOUBT OUR GREEN-SKINNED CAPTORS WILL GIVE US THE **OPPORTUNITY, MASTER.**

IS THAT ALL THAT BOTHERS YOU, RACHID?



THEN BEAR WITH ME FOR ONLY A **MOMENT--**

--WHILE I EXTRICATE A CERTAIN **VIAL** FROM THE FOLDS OF MY **SLEEVE--**



FOOSH!

--AND YOU WILL LEARN THAT **OPPORTUNITIES ARE MADE--** NOT **FOUND!**



--BUT THEY ARE **INTENTIONS ABRUPTLY THWARTED AS--**

HAVING **PROBLEMS, PRINCE KOURA?**

YOU!?!?



ENRAGED BY THIS SEEMING DESecRATION OF THEIR MULTI-LIMBED GODDESS, THE JADE-FLESHED SAVAGES SURGE FORWARD--

--THEIR **MURDEROUS INTENTIONS** WRITTEN **BOLDLY** ACROSS THEIR **FACES--**



INDEED **SO, EVIL ONE.**

IT SEEMS THE WINDS OF FORTUNE CHART A MOST **INTRIGUING COURSE.**



SOMEHOW I **SUSPECTED** WE WOULD MEET **AGAIN, CAPTAIN.**

I AM VERY MUCH AT YOUR **SERVICE, EVIL ONE--** AND SOON MY **SWORD** WILL BE AT YOUR **THROAT.**

BUT I PROMISE YOU--DESPITE YOUR **WIZARDRY--** IT WILL BE A **FAIR FIGHT--**

--TO THE **DEATH!**



TO THE **DEATH...? THEN TO THE DEATH IT IS!**

DEATH TO MY **ENEMY... I COMMAND YOU, CARO!**



THE GLEAMING BLADE FLIES UNERRINGLY TO THE STATUE'S **OUTSTRETCHED HAND--**

--AND, AMAZINGLY, THE CORRODED BRONZE FINGERS CLOSE **SNUGLY** ABOUT THE **HILT--**



--THEN WITH THE TORTURED SOUND OF BENDING METAL, THE SIX-LIMBED STATUE TEARS FREE OF ITS **BASE--**

--AND LUMBERS HEAVILY, UNSTEADILY AT FIRST, TOWARDS THE **AWE-STROCK BAND OF SAILORS--**



--SWORD-BLADES SPROUTING FROM ITS **NOW-CLENCHED FISTS** EVEN AS IT COMES...

BY ALLAH'S **EYES--** THE **STATUE--** IT **LIVES--** IT **LIVES--!**

THEN STOP YOUR **TREMBLING, MAN--** AND HELP ME SEND IT **BACK** TO THE **LAND OF THE DEAD!**







THE RESPONSE TO MARGIANA'S DESPERATE PLEA IS IMMEDIATE-- AND QUITE UNEXPECTED--

FOR AN INSTANT, THE GREEN MEN STAND PARALYZED, STARING AT THE GLOWING EYE TATTOOED ON THE GIRL'S PALM--



--AND THE SACRIFICE OF SINBAD SEEMS SUDDENLY FORGOTTEN--

W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING--?

THAT MARK ON MARGIANA'S HAND-- MEANS SOMETHING TO THESE SAVAGES. THEY'VE TAKEN HER AS ONE OF THEIR OWN.

NO, SINBAD-- THEY'VE TAKEN HER AS THE SUPREME SACRIFICE. THEY'VE LONG BEEN AWAITING-- A SACRIFICE TO THEIR LIVING GOD, THE DEMON OF DARKNESS!



VICIOUSLY, THE TERRIFIED GIRL IS THRUST UPON A FRAIL WOODEN PLATFORM ABOVE A CRUMBLING WELL, THEN...

THEY LOWER ME INTO THE PIT!

SINBAD-- PLEASE HELP ME--!



BUT THOUGH THE DARING SAILOR STRUGGLES LIKE A MAD-MAN TO FREE HIMSELF FROM HIS CAPTORS--

--THE GIRL CALLED MARGIANA IS SOON LOST INTO THE DARKNESS.



THE WOODEN PLATFORM COMES TO A SHUDDERING STOP-- AND MARGIANA STEPS FROM IT TO FIND HERSELF IN THE DEPTHS OF A DARKLING CAVERN--

--CONFRONTED BY A SHADOW THAT HERALDS THE THUNDEROUS APPROACH OF A NIGHTMARE!

ALLAH PROTECT ME--NO!



IS THIS THE REASON YOU BROUGHT HER ALL THIS WAY, SINBAD-- TO BECOME A BARBARIAN SACRIFICE?

JUDGE ME, LATER, VIZIER-- BUT NOW-- TAKE OFF YOUR MASK!

REMOVE MY MASK? BUT YOU KNOW WHAT LIES BENEATH IT IS...

DON'T ARGUE, MAN-- JUST DO IT!



HANDS SLIGHTLY TREMBLING, THE GRAND VIZIER COMPLIES--

--REMOVING HIS MASK TO REVEAL A FIRE-SCARRED VISAGE THAT IS NO LONGER TRULY A FACE!



BARBARIANS THOUGH THEY BE, THE GREEN MEN RECOIL IN HORROR FROM THE BLOOD-CHILLING SPECTER STANDING BEFORE THEM--



--AND THAT IS ALL THE OPPORTUNITY SINBAD AND HIS CREW HAVE NEED OF--

--ARM YOURSELVES AS BEST YOU CAN--



--AND FOLLOW ME!

WE GO TO SAVE MARGIANA FROM WHATEVER DARK FATE THOSE JADE-SKINNED SAVAGES CONDEMNED HER TO--

--AND MAY ALLAH HELP THEM ALL-- IF WE ARE TOO LATE!



WHILE, UNTOLD LEAGUES FROM THE CAVERN'S ENTRANCE, IN A POLISHED CHAMBER THAT IS MORE A TEMPLE THAN A TOMB, THE NOW-DECREPIT PRINCE KOURA KNEELS AND PRAYS--

--MAKING QUIET SUPPLICATION TO THE LEGENDARY FOUNTAIN OF DESTINY.

ADMIT IT, WOMAN--IS NOT MAJESTY SUCH AS THIS WORTH A FEW PALTRY LIVES?



NO ANSWER, MARGIANA? THEN WATCH--

--WATCH AS I DELIVER THE FIRST GOLDEN TABLET INTO THE WATERS OF THE FOUNTAIN--



--THEN BATHE MYSELF IN THOSE WATERS--

--AND THE ENERGY OF YOUTH IS ONCE AGAIN MINE!



BUT INVULNERABILITY--A CROWN OF MANY RICHES--I DENY YOU THESE, KOURA--

--WITH MY SWORD-- WITH MY LIFE!

SINBAD!!!



O GODS AND DEMONS OF DARKNESS --RID ME ONCE AND FOREVER OF THIS ENEMY WHO STANDS BETWEEN ME AND MY DESTINY!

I PLEAD...I IMPORE...



AND, AS IF IN ANSWER TO KOURA'S INCANTATION, THERE RISES THE CLAMOROUS ECHO OF MOOFBEATS--

--AND A SNORTING, HOWLING NIGHTMARE THUNDERS INTO THE TEMPLE--

BY THE BLESSED BEARD OF ALLAH--!



STAND AWAY, MY BRAVE ONES! 'TIS ME THE CENTAUR COMES FOR--

--AND 'TIS ME IT SHALL HAVE TO CONTEND WITH!



BUT SINBAD'S BOLD DECLARATION SEEMS LITTLE MORE THAN BRAVADO--

--AS HE NARROWLY AVOIDS THE CYCLOPEAN CENTAUR'S FIRST SAVAGE ASSAULT--

BY ALLAH-- THE CREATURE MOVES FAR FASTER THAN ONE COULD BELIEVE--!



BUT STILL-- THERE ARE PLACES A NIMBLE SEAMAN MAY GO--

--THAT SUCH A PONDEROUS MONSTROSITY MAY NOT HOPE TO FOLLOW!

COME, MONSTER-- PURSUE ME-- IF YOU DARE!





THEN TRY YOUR BEST, CAPTAIN.

AM I HERE?



OR HERE PERHAPS?

BY ALLAH! NOW KOURA'S SWORD DWINDLES AWAY AS WELL!



OF COURSE, SINBAD--FOR NOW YOU CANNOT FIND ME AT ALL!

COWARD--STAND AND FACE ME!



NO--YOU CAN'T KILL ME-- BUT I CAN DESTROY YOU-- ALL OF YOU!

SINBAD-- LOOK! IN THE DEPTHS OF THE FOUNTAIN--!



THAT SHADOW--!

KOURA-- PREPARING TO STRIKE--



--UNLESS I STRIKE FIRST-- AND TRUE!

LIKE THE CENTAUR BEFORE IT, THE SHADOW-FIGURE FALLS--



--AND THE CRYSTAL-PURE WATERS OF THE FOUNTAIN OF DESTINY SUDDENLY RUN A BRIGHT AND SHINING RED...

IT IS AS THE ORACLE SAID, SINBAD--

...ITS WATERS MARK YOU CLEARLY LIKE A RAINBOW IN THE SKY."



KOURA FOUND HIS DESTINY, MARGIANA-- AND IT WAS DEATH!

NOW WE MUST... EH?

MAY ALLAH'S BLESSINGS BE UPON YOU, CAPTAIN SINBAD-- YOU HAVE FREED MARABIA FROM KOURA'S EVIL.



CAPTAIN-- LOOK-- IN THE FOUNTAIN OF DESTINY--

--IT SEEMS A CROWN OF SOME SORT-- RISING FROM THE WATERS--!



A CROWN OF MANY RICHES. KOURA MUST HAVE DROPPED THE THIRD TABLET INTO THE FOUNTAIN WHEN HE PERISHED.



--BUT BY RIGHT OF HONOR, GRAND VIZIER-- IT IS YOURS.

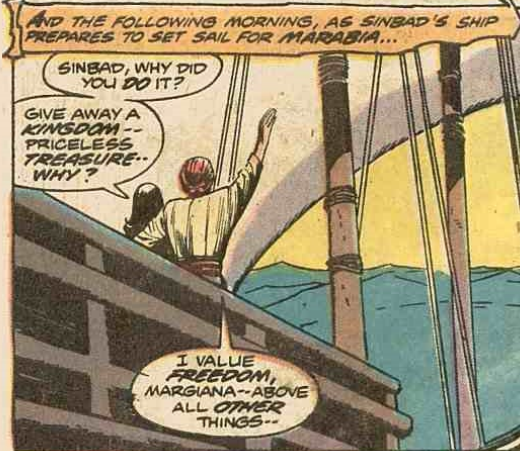
BY RIGHT OF BATTLE, THE CROWN IS MINE NOW--



THE CROWN IS PLACED UPON THE VIZIER'S HEAD-- AND AMAZINGLY HIS GOLDEN MASK FADES TO NOTHING-- TO REVEAL--

MY FACE-- THE CROWN HAS RE-STORED IT!

THEN IT IS A CROWN OF MANY RICHES, INDEED!



AND THE FOLLOWING MORNING, AS SINBAD'S SHIP PREPARES TO SET SAIL FOR MARABIA...

SINBAD, WHY DID YOU DO IT?

GIVE AWAY A KINGDOM-- PRICELESS TREASURE-- WHY?

I VALUE FREEDOM, MARGIANA-- ABOVE ALL OTHER THINGS--



--AND A KING-- A REAL KING-- IS NEVER TRULY FREE!

NOW ONWARD, YOU SONS OF THE SEA-- TO MARABIA--

--AND FROM THERE TO NEW ADVENTURES!

THERE ARE ALWAYS NEW ADVENTURES!

Finis

STAR 15A PRESENTS:

SINBAD

BAGHDAD-- ON THIS DAY A CITY ADORNED WITH THE GAUDY TRAPPINGS OF CELEBRATION. HER GREAT PRINCE AND DEFENDER, SINBAD HAS RETURNED FROM A PEACE-KEEPING MISSION TO FAR CHANDRA...

THREE TIMES WELCOME, SINBAD YOU HAVE DONE WONDERS TO AVERT WAR. AND WHAT FAIR PRIZE IS THIS...?

A JOYOUS DAY, BUT ALL TOO SOON IMPERIAL BAGHDAD WILL EXCHANGE THE BRIGHT DRAPERIES OF PEACE FOR THE SHROUDS OF BITTER TRAGEDY!

JOHN WARNER WRITER	SONNY TRINIDAD ARTIST	MARV WOLFGAN EDITOR
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FREELY ADAPTED FROM THE SCREENPLAY BY KENNETH KOLB

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MY CALIPH, I PRESENT PRINCESS PARISA, THE DAUGHTER OF THE SULTAN OF CHANDRA... SHE IS PLEDGED TO BE MY BRIDE, A SYMBOL OF LASTING FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN OUR KINGDOMS.

WELCOME AS A DAUGHTER, MY CHILD, FOR SINBAD IS TRULY THE SON OF ALL BAGHDAD!

SUDDENLY...

MY CALIPH, FORGIVE THIS UNWORTHY INTRUSION BUT I HAVE TRAVELLED FAR WITH YOUR GREAT SEAFARER AND WOULD SEEK A MOST URGENT AUDIENCE.

RISE, THEN, AND TELL ME YOUR NAME I SHALL GRANT YOU AUDIENCE...

...BUT ONLY AFTER I AM FINISHED SEEING TO OUR PRINCE.

I AM KNOWN AS... SOKURAH!

...BUT TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOUR VOYAGE AS WE WALK.

A STRANGE VOYAGE AND A STRANGER TALE IT IS MY CALIPH...

COME, MY PRINCE. YOU NEED REST...

WISSK

BAROOM

THE VOYAGE OUT OF CHANDRA WAS HARD-- FIRST WE WERE SEIZED BY A CRIPPLING STORM, THEN STRANDED IN CALM WATER UNTIL OUR SUPPLIES WERE DEPLETED.

BUT JUST AS THE CREW BEGAN TO LOSE ALL HOPE, WE SIGHTED LAND!

"AS WE WOULD LATER LEARN, THIS WAS THE LEGENDARY ISLE OF COLLOSSA. STRANGE ROCK FORMATIONS TOWERED LIKE **FORTRESS BASTIONS** ABOVE US, DWARFING US, AND EVEN THE **BRAVEST** OF US FELT **UNEASY...**"



"AND THEN AN ALMOST **INHUMAN WAIL** OF TERROR NEARLY SPLIT OUR SKULLS!"



"HELP! HELP ME! PLEASE!"

"GET BEHIND ME! TO THE BOAT-- QUICKLY!"

"DOOMED? NEVER! NOT SO LONG AS BAGHDAD HAS HER PRINCE!"



"THE MONSTER IS **DISTRACTED...** I AM FREE TO ACT."



"I OBEY THE MASTER OF THE LAMP. WHAT IS IT YOU WISH?"



"GRRRAAWRR!"

"GREAT ALLAH! WE ARE DOOMED!"



"IN ALL HONESTY, MY CALIPH, I CONFESS, I WAS NOT SURE THAT WE EVEN HAD A **CHANCE** OF STOPPING THE CREATURE. FOR LONG MOMENTS IT SEEMED **HOPELESS...**"



"I COMMAND YOU TO BUILD AN **UNBREAKABLE WALL** BETWEEN THE **CYCLOPS** AND THOSE MEN."

"I SHALL TRY MASTER, I SHALL TRY."



"...THEN OUT OF SEEMINGLY NOWHERE..."



"LET US HURRY, THE POWERS OF THIS LAMP PERMIT ME TO **CONTAIN** THE MONSTER--UNFORTUNATELY, THE **GENIE** CANNOT BE USED TO WORK HARM. I CAN DO **NOTHING MORE.**"

"COME, YOU'LL BE **SAFE** ABOARD MY SHIP."



"THE WORDS THIS MAN HAD SPOKEN WERE **TRUE**--UNFORTUNATELY, ALTHOUGH THE **MONSTER** ITSELF WAS SO IMPRISONED."



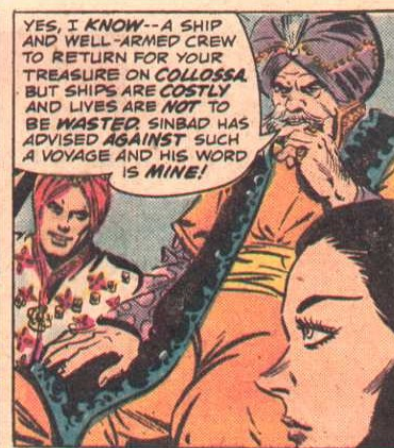
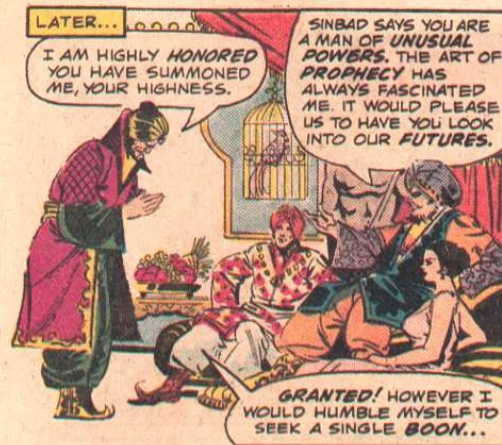
"...NOTHING ELSE WAS."

"THE LAMP... THE LAMP...!"



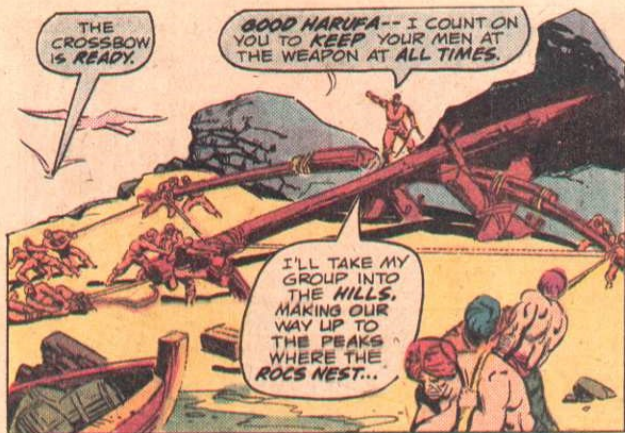
"WE ESCAPED WITH OUR LIVES. THE STRANGER TRIED TO SWIM BACK AFTER HIS TREASURE, BUT WE **STOPPED** HIM."

"LUCKILY WE HAD ALREADY TAKEN ON ENOUGH **FRESH PROVISIONS** FOR OUR VOYAGE BACK TO BAGHDAD."



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE





THE CROSSBOW IS READY.

GOOD HARUFA-- I COUNT ON YOU TO KEEP YOUR MEN AT THE WEAPON AT ALL TIMES.

I'LL TAKE MY GROUP INTO THE HILLS, MAKING OUR WAY UP TO THE PEAKS WHERE THE ROCKS NEST...



A HALF DAY SINBAD'S PARTY TREKS INLAND ALONG THE RIVER THEY STOP FOR A FRUGAL REPAST. THEN, AFTER ANOTHER HOUR...

A CYCLOPS' ENCAMPMENT.



BY THE GOD-WINDS--HE WAS PROBABLY SHIPWRECKED. HAD HE KNOWN THE HELL HE'D LANDED UPON, HE MIGHT LIKELY HAVE RETURNED TO THE SEA!



WHA...? A SOUND--



WAIT BACK THERE... I'LL SEE WHAT IT IS.



HARUFA!

NO!

OH-- SINBAD! IT'S YOU!

I COULD NOT REMAIN BEHIND. FORGIVE ME, MY PRINCE, BUT THESE HILLS SMELL OF DEATH... I WAS WORRIED.



DO NOT TROUBLE YOURSELF ABOUT THE CROSSBOW, MASTER-- IT IS IN GOOD HANDS.



WHERE ARE THE MEN? THEY WERE HERE A MOMENT AGO... WE MUST BE GONE BEFORE THE CYCLOPS RETURNS.

I HEAR THEM-- SHOUTING FROM THAT CAVE UP AHEAD!



THE CYCLOPS' TREASURE!



SINBAD BECOMES ANGRY, YET IT IS THE ANGER OF CONCERN. THESE MEN DO NOT FULLY COMPREHEND THE DANGER THEY ARE IN.

BUT, BEFORE SINBAD CAN ACT, HIS WORST TREPIDATIONS BECOME SUDDENLY, VIOLENTLY REALIZED.

CRASH

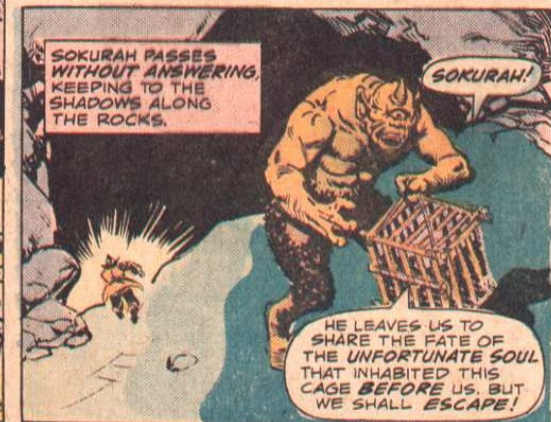
THE CYCLOPS HAS FOUND US!



DESPERATELY, THE MEN TRY TO FIGHT OFF THE CREATURE, BUT THEIR 'VALIANT' EFFORT AVAILS THEM NOTHING...



SOKURAH! HELP US! USE YOUR POWERS-- GET US OUT OF HERE! SOKURAH!



SOKURAH PASSES WITHOUT ANSWERING, KEEPING TO THE SHADOWS ALONG THE ROCKS.

HE LEAVES US TO SHARE THE FATE OF THE UNFORTUNATE SOUL THAT INHABITED THIS CAGE BEFORE US. BUT WE SHALL ESCAPE!



SOMEWHERE AMIDST THESE USELESS BAUBLES AND TRINKETS IS THE MAGNIFICENT LAMP THAT SHALL MAKE ME MASTER OF ALL--

...EVEN SINBAD!



ESCAPER ARE YOU, TOO, THEN A WIZARD, MY PRINCE?

YOU MUST SWEAR NEVER TO REVEAL WHAT I AM ABOUT TO SHOW YOU.



GODS! YOU ARE A WIZARD!

PARISA, MY LOVE, WE NEED YOUR HELP. THE TOP OF THIS CAGE IS FASTENED BY A WOODEN PEG. SEE IF YOU CAN RELEASE IT.

SUDDENLY THERE IS A CLATTER IN THE TREASURE CAVE--THEN THE RINGING OF COINS SPILLING ONTO THE CAVERN FLOOR.



THE CYCLOPS TURNS, REALIZING YET ANOTHER INTRUDER THREATENS ITS STORE OF SHINY METALS.



UHHH. IT IS DONE, SINBAD.

QUICKLY--WHILE THE CYCLOPS IS DISTRACTED--STAND CLEAR OF THE DOOR, PRINCESS.



WE'RE FREE!

BWAH!



SINBAD! THANK THE GODS--I WAS TRYING TO GET THIS LAMP TO FREE YOU AND...

SAVE IT, WIZARD. WE'LL RESCUE YOUR WORTHLESS SKIN WITHOUT YOU MOUTHING YOUR LIES. CIRCLE AROUND THE CREATURE, MEN.

HERE, MONSTER! I ALONE WILL FACE YOU. COME AND CATCH ME, IF YOU CAN...IF YOU DARE, COHARD BEAST.



GRAAWRRR!

NGARR

THE CYCLOPS DOES NOT UNDERSTAND THE WORDS OF THIS HUMAN IT REGARDS AS AN INSECT, BUT KNOWS WELL THEIR TAUNTING INTENT, AND THAT ANGRERS HIM...

...A FATAL MISTAKE!



MOMENTS LATER...

I'LL TAKE THIS! FROM NOW ON, IF YOU WISH THE GENIE'S PROTECTION, YOU MAY HAVE IT--BY TELLING ME THE WORDS WHICH WILL SUMMON HIM!

YOU WILL REGRET THIS, O PRINCE. THE DANGER IS FAR FROM PAST!

THE LONG JOURNEY UP TO THE GREAT PEAKS OF COLLOSSA IS FAR SLOWER, FAR MORE GRUELING THAN EVEN SINBAD HAD ANTICIPATED. SUPPLIES HAD RUN SHORT BEFORE THEY WERE HALFWAY UP AND, BY NOW, NEARING THE SUMMIT, THE MEN ARE WEAK FROM HUNGER AND TESTY FROM THE PAIN.



THE PEAKS ARE BARREN AND OF TOO FEW SHADOWS AS THE SUN WASHES LIKE A HOT SALVE OVER THE BLISTERING ROCKS.

THEN, UPON THE FIFTH DAY OF THE CLIMB...



FOOD! AN EGG BIG ENOUGH TO FEED US ALL...

"STOP THEM. WE MUST MOVE ON," SOKURAH ADVISES. "HIGHER UP THERE WILL BE EGGS ALREADY HATCHED."

SINBAD REPLIES: "I CAN DO NOTHING--HUNGER IS THEIR CAPTAIN JUST NOW."



CRACK TOK



ALL PROGRESS HALTS. FIRES ARE LIT AND THE MEN FEAST.



HERE IS YOUR PRECIOUS EGG-SHELL, SOKURAH. TAKE IT AND GO ON AHEAD TO YOUR CASTLE...

...MAKE READY YOUR POTIONS. I WILL FOLLOW WITH THE PRINCESS AS SOON AS THE MEN FINISH THEIR FEAST.



I GO AT ONCE, O PRINCE. I SHALL AWAIT YOUR ARRIVAL.

I SHALL RETAIN THE LAMP I WARN YOU, SOKURAH, IF YOU HAVE LIED...

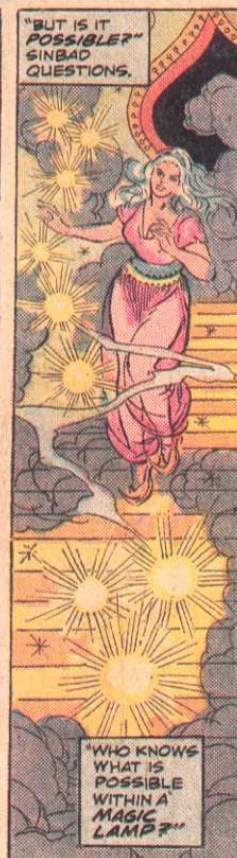


YOU ARE STILL TROUBLED, MY PRINCE. HAVE WE NOT FOUND WHAT WAS NEEDED TO MAKE THE CURE WORK.

IT'S SOKURAH, ISN'T IT? YOU DON'T TRUST HIM BECAUSE OF HIS GREAT POWERS, BUT IF WE COULD LEARN THE SECRET OF THE LAMP, WE TOO WOULD HAVE POWER!

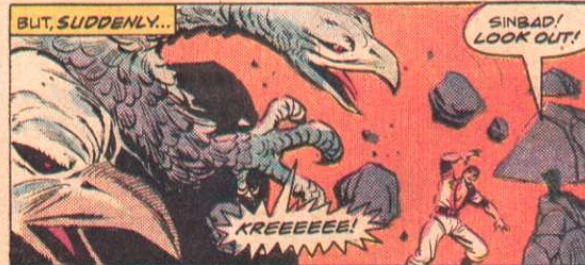


SINBAD, I HAVE AN IDEA. LET ME TRY TO TALK WITH THE GENIE. SMALL AS I AM, I CAN EASILY ENTER THE LAMP--AND PERHAPS LEARN TO CALL THE GENIE.



"BUT IS IT POSSIBLE?" SINBAD QUESTIONS.

"WHO KNOWS WHAT IS POSSIBLE WITHIN A MAGIC LAMP?"





BY THE GODS, THE BEAST IS FASTER THAN IT LOOKS. WE CAN'T GET PAST HIM, BARANI.



BUT WE CAN, O MASTER. BEHOLD YON WINCH--IT CONTROLS THE LENGTH OF CHAIN WHICH THE DRAGON IS ALLOWED TRIM THE WHEEL, QUICKLY!



THE CHAIN GROANS, UNLOOED IN ITS GROOVE...

BUT, AFTER MUCH EFFORT, THE WHEEL TURNS, THE DRAGON EVER ITS CAPTIVE.



GRAAAHHHHH!

COME, BARANI. RESTRAINED OR NOT, IT CAN STILL REACH FAR WITH ITS FLAME.



I RETURN TO THE LAMP O MASTER...



"...THE CASTLE OF SOKURAH LIES NOT FAR FROM HERE, DOWN THE DARK, TWISTING CORRIDORS OF THIS MOUNTAIN..."

"...AND ACROSS THE GREAT RIVER OF FIRE WHOSE RISING VAPORS DRAIN YOUR MOISTURE THAT YOU MIGHT WEAKEN AND FALL..."



"...THERE SHALL BE YOUR DESTINATION!"

THE CASTLE OF SOKURAH LET THE VERY EARTH ITSELF SHAKE IF ANY HARM HAS BEFALLEN MY LOVE BY HIS HAND!



YOU SEE? I KNEW I COULD TRUST YOUR SINBAD TO BRING THE LAMP TO US.

YES--AND YOU WILL PAY FOR YOUR TREACHERY!



SOKURAH!

THERE IS NO NEED TO SHOUT...

AS YOU CAN SEE--PARISA IS UNHARMED. THE CURE IS READY, AWAITING ONLY YOUR PAYMENT OF THE LAMP.



NO! I HAVE STOOD ENOUGH OF YOUR DECEPTIONS. YOU SHALL HAVE THE LAMP WHEN THE CURE HAS BEEN EFFECTED AND WE ARE SAFE.



SOKURAH NODS A DEMURE AGREEMENT AND BEGINS. THE AIR BECOMES THICK WITH SICKLY STENCH AND STRANGE MUTED VOICES...

BUT THE CURE IS MOST EFFECTIVE!



YOU HAVE DONE WELL WIZARD.

THE LAMP IS YOURS WHEN WE REACH THE SAFETY OF OUR SHIP.

WHAT?! YOU MAKE ME WAIT LONGER? I SHALL SUFFER SUCH INDIGNITY NO LONGER!



BEHOLD!

KILL SINBAD!

KILL!



BY ALL THE SACRED VOWS...

PARISA-- TO THE DOOR! RUN!

